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J. S. Bach's Passion of St. Matthew.

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The music set by Bach to St. Matthew's history of the *Passion* is essentially an unveiling of the personal feelings of the composer, his vivid sense of the truth of the incidents it depicts, and his loving devotion to the divine Sufferer, whose relation to himself is shown to be regarded as of the closest intimacy. It displays the facts with the vivacity of an eye-witness, or one, at least, who witnesses them by the second sight of firm belief; and it comments upon them with the affection of a participator in the benefits which have resulted from them, and who feels that his special welfare is due to their enactment.

From primitive times it was the custom of the Church to keep green the memory of the sacred history by a public recitation, on Palm Sunday and Good Friday, of those chapters in one or the other of the Gospels which relate the circumstances of the *Passion*. To give dramatic force to the narration, the several personages who speak in the course of it were represented by different individuals, whereas, he who recites the story was, throughout, the same.

It was the special design of Luther to retain, in the Reformed Church, this primitive usage of the periodical recitation of the *Passion*. According to his desire, the simple manner of its intonation, by two priests only in his own time, was early amplified; and a German version of the text was printed in 1573, with music for the recitation, and introductory and final choruses. As music advanced, its utmost resources were always appropriated to the illustration, for Church use, of the sacred story.

The German opera was especially flourishing in Hamburg at the beginning of the 18th century, and Keiser, Handel, and other successful writers for the theatre, applied its style to ecclesiastical use, in setting, not the Gospel text, but original poems to the same purport, for Church performances.

When, in 1733, Bach went to Leipzig, as cantor of St. Thomas's School, and musical director of the churches of St. Thomas and St. Nicholas, he found the learned and zealous Solomon Deyling filling an important church office in that city. This eminent divine perceived the extraordinary powers of the musician, and had the happy thought of turning them to the best account in the Church service. The above named works excited wide interest in the Hamburg celebrations of Easter. Still more was public attention drawn to the Dresden performances of the Roman Service, in which the singers of the renowned Italian opera, under the direction of Hasse, took part. Deyling deemed that it would be for the welfare of the Reformed Church to present in its Service some counter attraction to these popular celebrations of the Mass, and he deemed our Lord's Passion a worthy subject, and the season of its commemoration a fitting period for the fulfilment of his design. He proposed to Bach, therefore, the composition of a *Passion* in which the texts of scripture should be rigidly preserved, but interspersed with reflective passages, and further interpolated with pertinent Chorals, of which the words with the tunes formed, as they do now, the first step in North German schooling, and of which, therefore, the congregation at large could participate in the performance. Here were to be combined the ecclesiastical, the artistic, and the popular elements; and their concentration in a single work was to be confided to the man of

all others, in all times, best qualified for the task, whose competency was proved by the devout habit which fitted him to penetrate and expound the purport of the Gospel text, by the consummate musicianship which enabled him to bring all the appliances of art to bear upon the subject, and by the vast experience in teaching, accompanying, and elaborating the popular hymns, which familiarized him with the sympathies of the people and the capabilities of the tunes.

The present work was performed for the first time at St. Thomas's Church, in Leipzig, at the Evening Service on Good Friday, 1729. After this the *Matthew Passion* lay in forgetfulness for a hundred years, and seems not to have been performed again until its revival in Berlin, under the youthful Mendelssohn's direction, on the 12th of March, 1829. The success of the *Passion*, when it was awakened from its hundred years' sleep, led to its frequent repetition in different German towns, where it is said to hold the same popular esteem that Handel's *Messiah* does in this country.

The *Matthew Passion* comprises the 26th and 27th chapters of that Evangelist's Gospel. The first part proceeds to the 56th verse of the 26th chapter, and the second part includes from the 75th verse of this to the last verse of the following chapter. The two parts were originally separated by the preaching of a sermon—a point for particular notice, since proving how especially the work was integrated in the Church Service, and showing how strongly the Lutheran divine felt upon a subject upon which there is an unfortunate difference of opinion among English authorities of the present day, namely, the superior fitness of the church to any other edifice for the performance of oratorios. The reflective pieces with which the Gospel text is interspersed were written, under the pseudonym of Picander, by Christian Friedrich Henrici. The Chorals with which the Gospel text is further interpolated are selected from those in ordinary use in the Lutheran Church, and consist of such as specially illustrate the several points of the story at which they are introduced. These hymns—the verses nor the tunes—can, unfortunately, never produce elsewhere the same effect which they must always have in Germany, where they are intertwined with the fondest and most intimate affections of singers and hearers from childhood. In England, for instance, we can but admire them as we do those in *St. Paul*, for their abstract musical beauty, since they are to us divested of all those strong and endearing associations which spring from life-long familiarity, and of that inseparability of words from notes which connects every hymn with its peculiar occasion, and thus makes each awaken the household sympathy of a Teuton with the incident to whose enforcement it is thus applied.

The work is written for two complete choirs, each consisting of solo voices, chorus, full orchestra, and organ. The Chorals were originally sung by the congregation, that is, the tunes, of course, while the harmony was sustained by the two choruses, accompanied by the two organs, and sometimes other instruments of both orchestras.

In England, Bach is chiefly accredited for his fugues. Who looks for any of these in the *Passion* will look vainly; and if he be not disappointed at the absence of fugal element throughout the work, he will be surprised at the poetical beauty of its declamation, the continuity of its melodies, and their truthfulness to the subject they aim to express, at the choral effects as fine as they are unfamiliar, and at

the loving tenderness and intense religious feeling that infuse the whole.

The general character and prevalent expression of this oratorio are indicated by its title of the *Passion*. "He suffered and was buried" is the entire subject of the work, in the embodiment of which no tones but of sadness could appropriately be employed, since no feeling but of grief was to be illustrated. Despair, however, is as remote as jubilation from the purport and the rendering of the text; and thus all powerful means of contrast were beyond the use of the artist, whose sole resource, therefore, in this respect was to vary the accents of one penitential outpouring. Here, then, are no Hallelujahs, no shouts of glory, no ejaculations of great rejoicing, such as diversify the great sacred oratorio of Handel; sorrow is the ceaseless theme, and meekness is the steadfast spirit in which this is uttered.

The number and variety of instruments employed in the course of the *Passion* are remarkable. Sweetness and roundness of tone appear to have been the composer's object rather than loudness; for in no instance are brass instruments employed, though Bach's frequent use of drums, and trombones in other of his orchestral works, proves that these were all at his command.

The consideration of this wonderful work naturally assumes a threefold division. Thus it will be, to speak separately, (I.) of the narrative portions set to Scripture text; (II.) of the choral tunes employed to connect these most intimately with the people's sympathy; and (III.) of the reflective passages, which may be accepted as the composer's comment on the sacred story.

1. The Gospel text is set throughout as recitative, wherein the part of the Evangelist or Narrator is assigned to a tenor, and those of the persons incidentally introduced are respectively allotted to different singers—these never having to repeat a single word, and scarcely ever having to sing a rhythmical phrase, far less a distinct movement. The incidental choruses are indeed somewhat more extended, but the length of these is limited by dramatic propriety, and never exceeds what may well be supposed to be the duration of the embodied action; and where the words are reiterated in such extension, it is for the sake of increasing the vitality of the scene rather than for that of completing the musical idea. A happy instance of this is where, at the Last Supper, when Jesus has declared that one of the twelve will betray him, they every one say, "Lord, is it I?" The astonishment of all at what they regard less as a suspicion than a prophecy, the anxious distrust of some in their own weakness, the steadfast confidence of others in the devotion they feel for their divine Master, the loving eagerness of each to avert from himself the imputation and the possibility of fulfilling it—such is the various expression given to the heartfelt question as it passes from lip to lip, but is not more often uttered than it may have been on the actual occasion.

There needs some amount of reverence, on the part of the auditor, for the work, and still more for the subject, to secure him against any feeling of strangeness in the singer's rising to utter a single ejaculation perhaps, or a complete sentence at most, which if uprightly regarded may be supposed to interrupt rather than to continue and vivify the narrative. An auditor of the present day, hearing the oratorio, not in a church but in a concert-room, and habituated to the forms as much as the free-

doms of such a locality, may be liable to so misconceive the author's purpose and its fulfillment; but in this case the custom of the whole Christian era would testify against him; for it has been the Church's wont from primitive times to set forth the relation after this particular manner, and Bach's treatment of the text differs only from long-established precedent in the admirable truthfulness and the heart-searching expression with which it declaims the whole, as distinguished from the bald chanting of Roman use and the scarcely more impressive recitative of earlier Lutheran musicians.

The single bass line with figures indicates the silence of the orchestra throughout this portion of the work, a device for giving full freedom to the singer's recitation and the utmost clearness to his enunciation. Be it not supposed, however, that the composer's purpose or the effect of the original performance would be in any way represented by the English practice of accompanying recitative on a violoncello and a double bass, and assigning the articulation of the harmony more particularly to the former. It must have been Bach's habit, as it certainly was Handel's, to accompany recitative upon the harpsichord—or, perhaps, occasionally upon a very soft stop of the organ—and to allow the bowed instruments to support the bass notes only. The words spoken by Jesus throughout the narrative, and these words only, are accompanied by all the stringed instruments, and mostly in long-sustained widely dispersed chords.

II. It is to speak now of the Choral tunes intended to be sung by the congregation. The character of harmony applied is not that, we may presume, which the author would generally have employed in writing for popular use, when the tunes are sung in the ordinary Service. On the contrary, instead of giving the broadest expression in the harmonization which might be applicable to each entire hymn, the aim here has obviously been to paint the purport of the particular verse that is selected, and to make this, so far as possible, an illustration of the point of the narrative at which it is inserted. It must have had a peculiar effect upon the singers when they found the character and expression of their well-known tunes qualified by the accompanying harmony, and found these tunes, with the selected verse of the hymns, thus specially appropriated to the situations where they are introduced.

One tune occurs four times in the course of the Oratorio. As "Acknowledge me, my Keeper," it follows the promise of Jesus, to go before His disciples into Galilee, when He shall be risen again; and to the words, "O Head all bruised and wounded," it is sequent upon the mockery of the soldiers, when they strike their enrobed prisoner. This repeated use of the tune may have been because of the pertinence of the words associated with it to the several situations of its introduction; may have been because of the beauty and the susceptibility of various treatment of the tune itself; and may have been because of the tune's remarkable popularity. Bach has wonderfully diversified its character by its different harmonization, fitting it thus to the various situations.

Another tune is twice employed. It is assigned to the congregation with the words, "O blessed Jesus," when its plaintive strains bespeak our sorrow at the Saviour's first announcement that his crucifixion will follow the Feast of the Passover—our sorrow, because we who sing and we who hear are assumed to lament his sufferings as much as repent the sin for which they were borne. It occurs again, but there for the select choir only, interspersing the infinitely pathetic tenor solo, "O grief," which reflects upon the agony in Gethsemane.

III. It is, lastly, to speak of the reflective passages, which constitute, abstractly as music, to the general hearer, and for ex-ecclesiastical performance, the most attractive, and, perhaps, most interesting portions of the work.

The oratorio opens with a double chorus, in which one choir represents Zion exhorting believers to weep for the sins of the world, and the other choir represents the faithful responding to the summons. A singularly effective application of the antiphonal form is felicitously appropriated to the distinction of these two individualities. The exclamations, "See Him, the Son of Man, so like a lamb!" of the first choir are broken by the interrogations of the second, "Whom, how?" and these separate syllables stand out with distinct prominence. An independent melodic figure for the instruments is a background to the vocal phrases; and all these very diverse musical characters are as the pillars of a mighty building, while the dome they support is the choral "O Lamb of God," which constitutes a ninth vocal part, and peers above the grand harmonic structure as its crowning glory.

The recitative, "Thou dear Redeemer," and aria for contralto, "Grief and pain," follow the incident of the woman anointing the feet of Jesus. The lasting pain of a bruised heart is laid bare in this most pathetic piece—for the two movements constitute but one whole—which must bring such relief as tears afford, on its earnest utterance.

Far more piercing is the anguish of the aria for soprano, "Only bleed, thou dearest heart," which occurs when Judas accepts the bribe for his treachery. In the piece last named is shown the heaviness of woe, but this pictures its acutest pangs.

Of a completely different character are the recitative, "Although mine eyes," and aria for soprano, "Never will my heart refuse Thee," which follow the dispensation of the wine at the Last Supper. Sweetness and tenderness are here the elements of expression, and loving hope the tranquil feeling they reveal. It is too often said by those who superficially know the author, that Bach's music is deficient in melodious interest. Let them hear this song, which is perfectly a tune from beginning to end, definite in its rhythm and charming in its phrases, and their false apprehension will melt away. The close of the recitative signally exemplifies Bach's mastery of expression, and his most delicate perception of the full meaning of the words he set; the purport of the German sentence is—for the English version follows it not exactly—that the Saviour can never mean unkindly to his own, so dearly does he love them to the end; and in the music to this, the pertinence of the dissonant harmony on the word "böse" (unkindly), and the heavenly sweetness of the change of key for the final phrase, attest the subtlest power of the artist.

* Mr. Macfarren means the version hitherto used in England, and from which he makes his citations. We have conformed these to the American edition of Messrs. O. Ditson & Co.—Ed.

[To be Continued.]

An American Conservatorio.

From the Philadelphia Age, June 2.

VI.

The institutions referred to in our last article are the "Musical Fund Society" and the "Academy of Music." Either of these, or both conjointly, might be used most advantageously as the basis of a conservatorio, whose benefits might be felt not only in this city and State, but even in the States of Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland, for which Philadelphia might easily become the distributing centre, whether in performances or publications connected with the art of music: this is a large territory, extending north to Newark, south to Baltimore and west to Pittsburgh, and the commercial interests are not, by any means, beneath consideration.

By reference to the act of incorporation of the American Academy of Music, which lies before us, we find that the eighth section says: "That it shall and may be lawful for the direction of the said corporation, at such time as may be deemed expedient, to establish a school or institute of vocal and instrumental music, and to employ suitable professors or other instructors for the teaching of such pupils as may be received into the same, and shall have pow-

er to make all needful and necessary regulations for the government of such school or institute."

Here, at our hand is the necessary authority, and nothing is needed but the disposition to put the machinery in operation; and it seems almost an unnecessary task to attempt to convince the learned and honorable gentlemen in the board of direction, of the expediency of establishing a Conservatorio of Music immediately, to which, among other monuments of art and learning, we would be able to point with pride as one of the indices of the nation's progress from 1776 to 1876. Besides, it would redeem the title under which the corporation is known from its inconsistency and contradiction; for neither in Eatham's, Johnson's, nor in Webster's Dictionary is the word *academy* defined otherwise than as a school, college, institution or university. Nor can refuge be found in a practice somewhat in vogue in Europe, for it is condemned by the best and most learned writers on the subject of music. Bernsdorff, in his *Universal Lexikon der Tonkunst*, under the article *Akademie*, in speaking of the "Academie Imperiale de Musique" in Paris, says: "In fact, strictly speaking, the institute can make no pretension to the name of an Academy of Music." Again, in referring to various societies, associations, *Vereins*, etc., sometimes taking the title of academy, he writes: "But when simple musical performances, concerts, etc., often of an indifferent kind—even if one could be perfectly satisfied by true classical character of programme and execution—are designated with the name of Academy, it is a modern abuse, which it would be well to discontinue."

Lichtenthal, a learned Hungarian, who spent the greater part of his life in Italy, and devoted his best years to the study of music and its literature, in his "Dizionario e Bibliografia della Musica" thus defines "Academia di Musica": "This name is borne with more or less reason, by various sorts of institutions relative to music. First. Literary societies which occupy themselves specially with this art. Second. An association of artists and amateurs having the object to perfect the practical part, or even sometimes the scientific part of music. Third. Concerts, properly speaking, which are given in a theatre or hall in the presence of an audience admitted by paying a fee. Fourth. Simply theatres, which take improperly the name of academy, as for instance, the *Academie Royal de Paris*."

An immediate need is a library of musical literature, and its collection should be entered upon at once, even in advance of any movement towards forming a Conservatorio, for this is a work of time, and its necessity is urgent. An examination of the printed catalogues of our two largest public libraries, the "Philadelphia" and the "Mercantile," reveals a poverty which is disgraceful to them and insulting to the art of music, that art in which, as Dr. Lubberton said in his eloquent lecture on Dante, *men think* in the nineteenth century. Since the removal of Mr. Joseph W. Drexel's fine collection of works on music, there is believed to be but one in Philadelphia at the present time, and that is the property of a professional gentleman. This is not creditable to the wealth and refinement of a large city ranking as the fourth in population of the cities under the influence of European civilization. With the real estate in its possession, and the resources at its command, the Academy of Music could readily, single-handed, assume the responsibilities of a school, which its charter calls for, and thus it would be relieved of its misnomer, and become one of the most useful institutions of this rapidly advancing city.

Another need is apparent, and this is a sad reproach to the wealth and intelligence of the stockholders of the Academy of Music. Not a score, not a sheet, probably, of music is owned by this rich corporation; at least we find no mention of such in any of their reports, which only give an exhibit of receipts, expenses and dividends. The Musical Fund Society once kept in view the formation of a collection of good and standard orchestral music; but probably at this moment not an overture or symphony could be found entire and perfect, so that a performance could be had without supplementing some parts lost or missing. Philadelphia is without a society or institution in the possession of a repertoire worth considering.

The Worcester Festival.

[From the Palladium, Oct. 15.]

The sixteenth annual gathering of the Worcester County Musical Association took place at Mechanics Hall, last week, opening on Monday morning, and closing on Friday evening. The aim of the or-

ganization at its start was the improvement of church choirs; and convention after convention was held annually in this city with the church-tune book as the principal study, with an occasional sprinkling of opera and oratorio choruses. The first convention was held by our lamented musical oracle, Mr. Edward Hamilton, who, for successive years shared the direction of the music, and whose influence has been invaluable. Slowly, but surely has the standard risen, assuming year by year more the character of a festival, till now it stands forth in bold relief, attracting the attention of musical people far and near, and promising to assume still fairer proportions as the years go on. From the study of simple psalm tunes have the members risen to that of anthems, chorals, &c.; from the opera chorus, and selected choral numbers of oratorios, to the entire works of these great masters; and with their progress, has the musical taste of the community improved, till now these master-works, presented in the grand style of the past two or three years, draw large audiences, who have learned to love these sublime works, which must live forever, and which they are rapidly making a part of themselves.

The festival this year, as last, has been under the direction of Messrs. Carl Zerrahn and L. O. Emerson; both admirable in their respective spheres. The mornings were all given to study, which was continued after the *matinée* of each day, and on Monday and Tuesday evenings. The first entertainment on Monday was opened by Miss Clara Conant, (a pupil of Mr. B. D. Allen,) with a highly creditable performance of Schumann's Fugue on the name "Bach," played with decision and in true organ style; showing thorough instruction, and as thorough study. Hers was the honor, we believe, of being the first lady performer on our organ in public; and she sustained it nobly. Mr. E. O. Wood followed with Handel's great air "Total Eclipse," which he persevered in bravely to the end, but which is altogether beyond him; a selection for which he is as yet by no means fitted. He possesses a good voice, and a fair understanding of oratorio music, but his teacher is altogether too ambitious for him. Mr. J. A. Metcalf showed his splendid voice in Sullivan's song, "*If Doughty Deeds*," but he does not yet acquire the right management of it, and is deprived of twice the volume and breadth which he might possess. His magnificent voice is all shut in, as it were. Mr. Walter Ingalls proved himself a fine pianist by his rendering of the Prayer from Wagner's "Rienzi;" not a satisfactory selection, but nevertheless showing his fine executive abilities. Miss E. C. Nason was the attraction of the afternoon, singing Venzano's Grand Valse; her voice is remarkably clear and brilliant, of unusual compass, and capable of airy flights; but she lacks method, and there are as yet many crudities in her singing. The *matinée* closed with the singing of part-songs by the Swedish Singing Society, in costume; a band of fine voices, but who are as yet hardly ready for public performance. Long study is needed before a body of singers can sing with the required accuracy of tune and time. It is a promising germ, from which we may yet hear good results.

The second *matinée* introduced a trio of promising piano students,—Misses Thompson, Rogerson and Dunton, who played upon one piano the Overture to "Der Freischütz;" the performance, while somewhat mechanical and scholar-like, was yet creditable and meritorious. Mr. W. H. Daniell sang in fine style, with splendid articulation and excellent phrasing, Perring's "Beware;" and despite a severe cold which caused hoarseness, and rendered him not in good voice, proved himself an exponent of good method and style, which many of our public singers would do well to adopt. Miss Nellie Fiske and Mr. Daniel Downey sang with nice effect, "*Qual mare, qual terra*;" her good method and artistic style being evidenced in the singing of both. Mrs. A. H. Davis (pupil of Mr. Daniell,) gave a fine rendering of Virginia Gabriel's "Cleansing Fires;" a song admirably suited to her full, delicious voice; and in her rendering there was only a lack of confidence to give it breadth and magnetism; her articulation was remarkably good, every word heard all over the hall. The Boston *Advertiser* in reporting, speaks of her singing as "something in the style of Nettie Sterling." Mr. H. H. Clarke, pupil at the Leicester Academy, won golden opinions for his marked ability in the rendition of Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise;" which performance of course yet favors of the amateur, but which promises much for more mature years. Mrs. Charles A. Merrill sang a showy French song from the opera of "Galathée,"

exhibiting a telling, penetrating voice, under high cultivation of a certain order; but her constant slurring is bad, and her style not an attractive one. "*Guarda che bianca luna*" was a delicious bit of concerted music, finely sung by Mrs. Davis and Mr. Daniell, greatly improved by the absence of the excessive portamento which usually mars its performance. Mr. Parish sang with wondrously beautiful expression and style, Mendelssohn's "Morning Prayer;" and were he to release his tone, allowing it to assume its natural quality, he would make one of the finest tenor singers of the day. Miss Kate Hastings sang "*I'm the merry Postilion*," by Abt, creating great enthusiasm with her pure sweet voice. The song, which she studied with Miss Fiske, evinced the nice points of her training, and she has excellent vocalization. Mr. G. N. Chadwick, pupil of Mr. Eugene Thayer, gave a splendid interpretation of Bach's sublime Fugue in G minor, its waves of inspiration rolling forth with grandeur and power, making a noble ending to the second day's performance.

Wednesday afternoon and evening were set apart for the New York Glee Club, who produced old English songs, glees and madrigals that have withstood two or three years been revived and brought forcibly into notice; opening a mine of wealth in these healthful, refreshing compositions. The Glee Club, or rather clubs, as they form themselves into two distinct organizations, one of mixed and the other of male voices, with assistance from the chorus and Messrs. Story and Grout, furnished the entertainment for both afternoon and evening. Among the choruses were some of the best of Mr. Emerson's compositions from "The Standard," and three of the chorals of Mr. C. P. Morrison, which he has presented to the Association, and which are well worthy their careful study. The performance of "*O Lord, Thy Mercy, my sure Hope*," was one of the choral gems of the week; the singers evidently feeling the soul-stirring strains.

The singing by the mixed voices was the perfection of four-part singing, being evenly balanced, the voices blending perfectly, the enunciation good, and the shading exquisite. They are thoroughly trained in esthetics, and possess a magnetism that makes their audience receptive to their refinement and culture. Their most enchanting selections were "*Fair Phyllis*," a madrigal written by T. Morley in 1596, "*O, hush thee, my babe*," and "*When the cock crows*." The male quartet was not as successful, although some of their selections were rendered with great credit. Their former second tenor, who so carefully kept his voice subdued to the right point was sadly missed; and the first tenor, while using his voice in falsetto, makes a very painful impression, and utterly spoils the selection. If the part runs above his natural range, then other selections should be made, for the effect is bad. Mr. Aiken's rich, warm bass voice formed a solid background for the other voices; and his singing of Handel's rollicking air, "*O ruddier than the cherry*" was vigorous and bold; but suffered in comparison with Santley's noble rendering. His performance was so hearty and earnest as to receive an *encore*, to which he responded in Hutton's song, "*Bid me to live*." Miss Henrietta Beebe, the soprano of the quartet, exhibited a voice of sweet, luscious quality, pure and liquid, and under fine cultivation; her singing of Ardit's "L'Estasi" was marvellously beautiful; her attack perfect; no scoop, no slur; her rendering bright, sparkling—in every way highly artistic. No voice heard during the week equalled hers in quality. Miss Finch displayed her fine contralto voice to good advantage in "*Sweet and Low*," in the arch, captivating song "*Little Maid of Arcadee*," and in all the concerted music. Mr. Story's interpretation of Chopin's Polonaise in E flat was a masterly one; combining delicacy and strength, breadth and brilliancy, and displaying a splendid *technique*, to which he unites sentiment and expression.

The fourth *matinée* was given by Mr. Zuchtman's Orchestra, and several pupils of the Conservatory, assisted by Miss McQuesten, who is always a great favorite here. The audience was large, and inclined to be charitable with the shortcomings of the orchestra, who opened the entertainment; but their performance fell so rapidly from bad to worse that it was unendurable. They were sadly out of tune, there was no sympathy between the players, and all going badly. We grant that Mr. Zuchtman has some strong points as a conductor, but if, as he says, their false playing is all due to their poor instruments, then why thus stake their reputation? Procure them the needed instruments at once, or keep them in retirement till they are ob-

tainable. The vocal pupils, while possessing good, attractive voices, are receiving a training which is producing stiff and throaty tone, and are reaching beyond their present capabilities. Of the piano pupils every one knows that they received the firm, strong basis of their knowledge from our long established teachers, and were fine players when they connected themselves with the institution. Why in the name of justice are there never exhibited pupils that have received their first lessons from Mr. Zuchtman, and his assistants? This manner of proceeding is unfair to his predecessors, and the community; and will continue to be so considered, until those who are solely pupils of the Conservatory take their place in the concerts beside the others.

Thursday evening brought out the quartet of soloists, who were greeted by an immense audience, many being obliged to stand during the entire performance. Mozart's beautiful "Ave Verum" was the opening selection, very finely sung by the large chorus. Mr. Varley then made his *debut* before a Worcester audience, singing the recitative "*Deeper and deeper still*," and the aria "*Waft her Angels*;" he was suffering from a severe cold, and his rendering was an exceedingly labored one; the audience, not knowing of his indisposition, judged him accordingly, and were sadly disappointed, as his name had been loudly sounded since his coming to America. Later in the week, he did himself more credit, but in all his renderings his bad method of delivery, and constant straining for effects that are beyond him, produced a painful impression. The oratorio proved him a better singer than was before then made known. Miss Doria also made her first appearance, singing "*Di piacer mi balza*" with finish and refinement, but without a particle of interest. Her voice is pure and brilliant; clear-cut like the diamond, but lacks warmth and tenderness. She is a thorough musician, an artist, and a true woman; occupying an enviable stand in the musical world; but to us her sphere hardly seems before a large, general audience. In the second part of the programme she sang Sullivan's "*Birds in the Night*," in too rapid *tempo*, and marred its beauty with a constant scoop and excessive slurring; she was *encored* and responded with "*The Miller's Daughter*" by Schubert, which she sang with more expression and feeling than anything during the three concerts at which she sang. Mr. J. F. Winch displayed his rich, magnificent voice in one of Henry Smart's songs, "*Wake, Mary, Wake*," and "*The Yeoman's Wedding Song*," singing the latter in splendid style, barring his poor enunciation. He was warmly *encored* and answered with "*There's nothing like a freshening breeze*," singing it with vigor, and hale, hearty feeling. Camilla Urso quite surpassed herself in her renderings, adding to her peculiarly characteristic tone, so marked with exquisite delicacy and tenderness, a warmth and vigor not usually hers. The Mendelssohn Concerto in E minor was a rich gem; so tenderly and happily treated. Miss Adelaide Phillips sang "*Nobil Signor*" from "*Les Huguenots*," and a simple English ballad, receiving hearty applause from the great audience; she also sang with Miss Doria in the duet, "*I waited for the Lord*,"—but carelessly, and greatly marred its performance. In the choral of Mr. Morrison, which closed the concert, there was much to enjoy, the chorus singing it *con amore*.

The Symphony Concert filled every seat in the hall, and improvised seats as well, with many to remain standing; showing the strong hold orchestral music is taking upon the musical public. It was given by the Germania Orchestra, the quartet of soloists, and Messrs. B. D. Allen and E. B. Story. The principal attractions of the programme were Beethoven's First Symphony, in C; so thoroughly modelled upon Haydn and Mozart, and so full of the joyous, happy spirit of his earliest years, before his powerful Titanic individuality fully developed itself. It was a charming selection and charmingly played, under the strong, sure guidance of Mr. Zerrahn, who so fully understands bringing out the strong points of this wonderful composer. The orchestra never played to us more admirably; never so thoroughly gave themselves up to their music. The second and third movements were perfect gems; most exquisitely shaded, and interpreted with intelligence and rare grace. The two movements of Mozart's Concerto in E flat, played by Messrs. Allen and Story in a masterly, inspiring manner, were one of the choicest things of the week. It was an exceedingly interesting study to watch the marked individuality of their playing; the one so *spirituelle*, tender and full of depth, the other so delicate, sparkling, and exquisitely brilliant.

The piano interpretation was perfect; the orchestra were less happy, the slipping away from the key being once or twice noticeable, and occasional weak points visible; but as a whole the rendering was very good, and was one of the enjoyable things to all. Mr. J. F. Winch was the first vocalist of the afternoon; first in performance as well as in place upon the programme. His singing of Santley's "Only to love" was a graceful one; but there was an evident tendency to constant tremolo, which thus loses the desired effect. It is refreshing to listen to such healthful, natural singing. Miss Philipps was very careless in her singing of Reichardt's "Love's Request;" singing it with an *abandon*, but it was the *abandon* of indifference. The orchestral accompaniment lent a rich warmth to it; without which it would have been a bare performance. She was more gracious in the quartet from "Rigoletto," sung with Miss Doria, and Messrs. Varley and Winch, seeming like her own self. It was a nice bit of concerted music, and was heartily *encored* and repeated, in part. Miss Doria sang the lovely air "Dove Sono" from the "Marriage of Figaro," with grace, and elegance of reinment, bespeaking the highly cultured artist. Mr. Varley was in better voice than on his first evening, but his singing is labored; and finely as he may render some selections, yet it is fatiguing from the evidence of effort on his part. The concert closed with a brilliant performance of the Finale to "Der Freischütz," by the orchestra.

With Friday evening came the closing performance of the week, with the oratorio of "Judas Maccabæus" as the attraction. The singers, five hundred in number, were earnest and attentive, and rendered the choruses with promptness and precision. Particularly fine were "Fall'n was the Foe," "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and the "Hallelujah, Amen." The solos were sustained by Misses Doria and Philipps, Messrs. Varley and Winch. Miss Doria is perfectly at home in music so highly ornamented as the arias of this work are, and her vocalization is wondrously beautiful. Her rendering of the difficult airs was marvellously perfect, and her extreme vocal culture manifested itself as it had not done previously. But pure as is her voice, highly cultured and refined as is her style, to us she is statuesque, "aesthetically cold." No warmth, no delicious coloring. Mr. Varley proved himself a grand exponent of oratorio music, giving a splendid interpretation of the Judas airs and recitatives; barring the throaty tone, and excessive slurring; his long, difficult runs were marvels of perfection, and his recitatives worthy of note. His "Sound an Alarm" was a splendid triumph; full of fire and vigor, and marked dramatic expression. The aria "How vain is man," with its manifold difficulties, was also finely given. Miss Philipps's rich contralto voice did good service in the alto solos, but she sadly marred the duets. Mr. Winch did nobly, winning the warmest interest of all; his "Arm, arm, ye brave," was inspiring and vigorous, and his magnificent voice gave warmth and splendid color to all his renderings. And thus closed the sixteenth annual festival of the Association; more successful than any previous one, the receipts amounting to \$4500. Musically speaking, in some respects it has surpassed all the others, in others not equalled them. The standard of the programmes has not been as high as on some previous occasions, they being made up more of simple ballads, &c., whereas, one wishes in these seasons of musical progress, to become acquainted with standard selections, and not the taking songs which can be found upon the pianos of all ordinary singers. These are seasons of education, and the committee should see to it that the singers give their best, and not their everyday hackneyed songs. It has been suggested that another year, an historical concert be introduced into the week. An admirable suggestion, which we hope to see carried out. It would be a feature of great interest to one and all, and lend great variety to the performances.

The Late Henry F. Chorley.

The London *Athenæum* notices at length, and very favorably, a work compiled by Henry G. Hewlett, entitled: "Henry Fothergill Chorley: Autobiography, Memoir, and Letters." 2 Vols. (Bentley & Son). Whatever tends to place in a clearer light the character and labors of a man so long and widely known as one of the most influential of musical critics, will be apt to interest our readers. We give therefore the following extracts:

Chorley's genial, affectionate, and irritably sen-

sitive nature will surprise many who have suffered from his keen uncompromising criticism. He was one of those individuals who never attained to the fullness of their stature. He possessed capabilities he never did justice to, and there was in him a possibility of excellence he never achieved; still, he did good work in his day, and the influence of it lives after him. His failure to produce any work of abiding value in music or literature mainly concerned himself, and was his own personal disappointment. The development and maturing of his powers of critical discrimination as regarded musical art; the perfect honesty, the uprightness, the intense conviction of his own beliefs, and the entire fearlessness with which he gave them utterance, have marked an era in the history of musical criticism, all errors and prejudices notwithstanding. Chorley was imperfectly educated; and the very stroke of good fortune which, at the outset of his literary career, gave him an engagement on the staff of an influential review, whilst it developed and exercised his genuine critical faculty, which was the strongest of his gifts, prevented him from having the leisure essential to any one for pursuing the steady course of training and study necessary to produce a thorough artist in any department. Had he enjoyed opportunities he might or might not have produced some work of literature or music which would have adorned his name; but he would not have fulfilled his genuine vocation, which was to be an honest, outspoken, disinterested critic of musical art, with an instinctive power to discern and sympathize with all that was best. His autobiography is interesting as a picture of life and manners in the strait enclosure of a somewhat intolerant religious sect, accompanied by the dreary accessories of narrow means and the absence of all aids or facilities for self-culture. The glimpses of those who struggled for the opportunity of following out their aspirations after some outlet for their imagination, and who could realize so little, are touching; to them the careers of Henry Chorley and his accomplished brother John Rutter Chorley, would have seemed wonderful. Both John and Henry Chorley were more indebted than they dreamed of to the strong natures and imaginative tendencies of those of their family whose actual performances were very slender, but in whose hearts the love of music and painting and poetry lay deep, and all but inarticulate.

"Born, all of them," says Henry Chorley in his autobiography, "in membership of the Society of Friends, and their mother a rigid woman, they were still educated—or rather educated themselves—with no severity, with no outward conformity to the dress and statutes of that strange body of religionists. My grandfather would not, my grandmother could not, control them; for a more original, self-willed family, I believe, was never born on the earth, nor one more genially endowed with those tastes and fancies which abide no restraint nor abnegation of indulgence. What is called 'the artist temperament' belonged to many of them. They wrote verses far above the average of amateur verse; they read something of French and Italian. Two or three of them had aptitude for drawing; and almost all of them a love for out-of-the-way reading, and a raciness of expression and repartee to which I have since met nothing similar."

Henry Chorley says of his own parentage,—

"I am the third son and fourth child of John and Jane Chorley, and was born on the 15th of December, 1808, at Blackley Hurst, a house belonging to the Catholic family of the Gerards, near Billinge in Lancashire. My father and mother were nominally members of the Society of Friends, though neither the one nor the other ever wore the dress of that religious body, nor conformed to its ascetic discipline and testimonies. They were, both of them, superior and singular persons; and, though differing widely in disposition and temperament, maintained an unusual amount of affection for each other during their married life, terminated, after sixteen years, by the sudden death of my father, on the 15th of April, 1816. My mother's maiden name was Jane Wilkinson. She was the child of a second marriage, born after the death of her father. On her mother's side, she belonged to an old Cumberland family of the name of Brownsword. These Brownswords, again, were not common-place people, though as far asunder from my father's family as north is from south. My mother had the timid, tremulous organization said to belong to an old man's child; and being full of tastes and capacities for enjoyment, with which her more robust parent had no sympathy, and more alive to the pain of re-

buke than any one I have known, managed to creep betwixt the meshes of the net of household discipline, to peep at what stood with her for the world, and to indulge her fancies for poetry, romance, and art (as art was understood in those primitive, narrow days)."

She had a half-brother, Dr. John Rutter, who for fifty years was a leading physician in Liverpool; he was the earthly providence of his sister's family. H. Chorley speaks of him with reverent gratitude: "God never created a more noble hearted, generous man than he was; few men have ever been more zealous in their calling, less pedantic in the task of perpetual self-education and qualification." On the sudden death of Mr. Chorley, Dr. Rutter came forward to stand betwixt his half-sister with her four children and utter penury, and devoted the rest of his life to the family he had adopted.

"Over all these original, imperfectly-educated persons, the ordinances and the usages of the Society of Friends hung like a pall of conformity, heavy enough to inspire them with certain characteristics, but so oppressive as to make escape and insincerity inevitable. It would be difficult to conceive a worse education for mind and heart. I have always rated those from whom I have sprung on both sides, in no respect more highly than in this, that people of their quick spirits and vigorous intellect were so little affected by such training. Yet they did not pass through such a discipline of education, which is no education, without bad results to themselves and to their children. We saw from infancy the statutes of the Society to which we nominally belonged evaded; for my mother painted flowers and practised music. We conceived an intense and weary distaste for the manner of worship, in which the general alternatives were tiresome silence or the manderings of some uncouth and illiterate person; and yet we heard the world and the world's usages criticized as sharply as if they were not in an awkward way approached and imitated by our parents. I have no remembrance of reading any child's book till at a much later period, nor of having been set to read at any task. Some teaching there was, but it could not have been heavy or steadily enforced; but dreams, and notions, and humors had already grown into my mind untaught, never to be dislodged thence. It was while we were living at Smithy Brook, that I recollect first hearing music, and hearing it with that passion which, if it had been understood and provided for, might possibly have conducted me to some eminence in the art. My mother, as I have said, who possessed a good deal of the artist temperament, had struggled to learn to play on the pianoforte after she was a married woman, of course with small success; for her fingers were stiff, and her lessons had been few, and her master, a country organist, was a bad one. So far as I can recollect, her three music-books contained two single morsels by composers of credit, Haydn's 'Mermaid's Song' and an arrangement of Handel's 'Water Music.' The first she used to sing somehow with a sweet but undeveloped voice; the latter was beyond her reach. And I hardly know why I should have delighted to open the book at that page, if it had not been that the name 'Water Music' may have suggested something rich and pompous. I cannot explain when or where I began to associate the printed symbols with the possible sounds of music. But long ere I could put my hand on a pianoforte, I could read the notes somehow, and somehow represent to myself that which they signified."

In 1819, Henry Chorley and his brothers were sent to school to the Royal Institution, Liverpool, where little except the classics was taught. Henry took more pleasure in Greek than Latin, and seems to have made fair progress. The shadow of his after-destination, a clerkship in an American merchant's office, hung over him all the time he was at school:—

"I was, in every sense of the word—to myself, to my masters, to my school-fellows,—and at home—a failure: as such, too much taken to task, not enough cheered, and groping all the time towards a world in which there were neither Greek plays nor Latin orators, still less counting-house desks and ledgers. It was a time of weariness, and vain longing, and disapprobation, for which no one concerned was wholly to blame. With the habits, the traditions, and the views of all around me, there was no possibility of my having had the education for the art I have always loved the best. In those days, and in that place, a musician was hardly a man. But propensity, like murder, 'will out,' let the barriers be



WINTER.

WINTERSZEIT.

R. Schumann, op. 68.

Poco lento.

No. 38.

The musical score for No. 38, "Winter," by Robert Schumann, Op. 68, is presented in five systems. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked "Poco lento." The score is written for piano and bass. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system is marked mezzo-piano (*mp*). The third system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The fourth system starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and later returns to piano (*p*). The fifth system concludes the piece. The score is characterized by complex fingerings, often indicated by numbers 1-5 above or below notes, and various articulations such as slurs and accents.

WINTER TIME.

55

WINTERSZEIT.

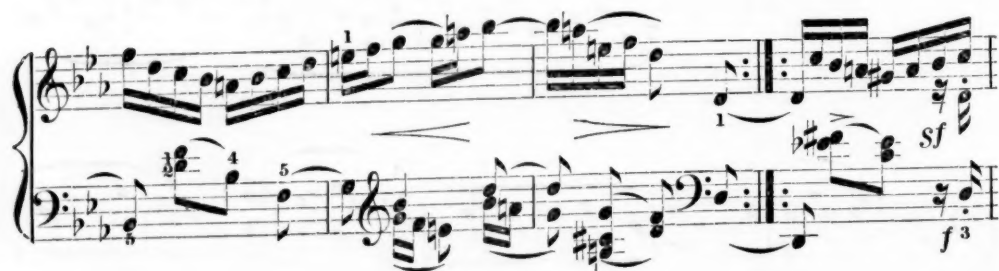
R. Schumann, op. 68.

No. 39.

Adagio.

pp

The musical score for No. 39, "Winter Time," by Robert Schumann, op. 68, is presented in four systems. The piece is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major, and is marked "Adagio." The notation includes piano (pp) and piano (p) dynamics. The score features various musical notations such as notes, rests, slurs, and fingerings. The first system includes a treble and bass staff with a piano (pp) dynamic. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system features a piano (p) dynamic. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

Poco a poco, piu animato.

ever so intricate or unfriendly. There was a small music shop on our way to school; there was an organ-building factory on another way back from it. By this time I had been allowed a certain access to the pianoforte at home, pertinacity having prevailed: and the readiness with which I picked out and picked up tunes was produced to such visitors as were not too severely bound to Quakerism to reject music. My uncle, too, had taken at one time an active part in the administration of the Blind Asylum, the musical pupils of which sang twice in the week—always sacred music—accompanied by an organ. The selection of this was not bad, since fragments of Haydn, Mozart, Handel, and Pergolesi, were included in it, as well as anthems by our later cathedral writers, and countless hymns. But that Blind School was my place of delight, and many a time have I lagged and loitered on my way to my school, to creep in there and hear something—certain, that whatever my excuse, I should be punished for my truancy. In those days I would have run miles through the rain to look at the outside of an organ. While we were living at St. Helens, I had been taken to church once or twice, and had heard what manner of rich and pompous sounds those noble instruments can give forth. Even such comfort and decoration as the church at St. Helens showed—seen by way of a change and a rarity—had early impressed me. To this day I never see an organ-front without that sort of expectation with which one gets near a mountain-top from which the view is known to be wide, or opens a green-house door to get a feast of color and odor."

Further on Mr. Hewlett says:—

"The unmistakable indications in the boy's temperament and habits of an artistic bias, which should have determined his career, were—however inevitably and excusably—wholly disregarded by his family; and, at an early age, he was taken from school, and assigned to a clerkship in the office of Messrs. Cropper, Benson & Co., a prosperous firm of American merchants in Liverpool. How long he remained there does not appear; but the occupation not being to his liking, he was transferred to a seat in the office of Messrs. Woodhouse, Sicilian wine-growers. The result was the same. An employment more thoroughly distasteful to him than the checking of invoices and casting up of ledgers could scarcely have been chosen; and he appears to have performed his duties quite perfunctorily, without any interest but the hope of escape into a more congenial atmosphere."

A kind friend, however, exerted himself to make this condition as tolerable as possible. Mr. Rathbone gave him glimpses of London and a few opportunities of hearing good music, and in other ways showed him kindness. The friendship between them continued until Mr. Rathbone's death, and Chorley's grief for his loss was never quite healed. In 1827 the two elder brothers edited an annual, for annuals were then as numerous as magazines are now: it was called 'The Winter's Wreath.' It was of a higher calibre as regarded its literary contents than many of its tribe. It afforded an opening to all the three brothers to publish their contributions, and brought them into correspondence, which in many instances resulted in valuable and permanent friendships. Among the persons the Chorleys became acquainted with may be named Mrs. Hemans and the elder Miss Jewsbury. Henry Chorley's memorials of Mrs. Hemans testify to the pleasure and comfort intercourse with her brought to the whole family, whilst to Miss Jewsbury Henry Chorley was indebted for his introduction to Mr. Dilke and the *Athenæum*, which was the turning-point in his life.

Before these things happened, however, he had the opportunity of receiving some good musical training, through the kindness of Mr. James Z. Hermann, who was afterwards conductor of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. Chorley never attained executive proficiency, but he learned to know and to understand. Good artists and good music came to Liverpool. He was now able to attend all the performances, having entirely broken the bonds of Quakerism—though still a servant "To the drear drudgery of the Desk's dry wood," but his occupation became more and more irksome to him, and his labors less and less satisfactory to all concerned. In 1830, he was introduced to the notice of Mr. Dilke, and wrote several lyrics and some musical criticisms, which were inserted in the *Athenæum*; but it was not till 1833 that he applied to Mr. Dilke for admission on the staff, resolving to break loose from Liverpool life altogether, or, as he

expressed it, "to take service on any terms to escape from the intolerable drudgery of a merchant's office." Mr. Dilke offered him an engagement for six months, on trial, and a remuneration which, given as it was to an entirely untrained assistant, was handsome. One of the stipulations being that Chorley should come to live in London, he bade his family farewell, and went up to London on the stage-coach on the last day of the year 1833,—arriving at Mr. Dilke's house, where he had been invited to take up his quarters, half frozen to death, and in the state of weariness that might have been expected after a journey of twenty-six hours on the outside of a coach!

But this was the last of his hardships: he had taken the right turning in life. During the early months of his probation, he had to exercise a rigid economy. At the end of the six months, the engagement was renewed at an advance of salary, and the first use he made of it was to repay to his Liverpool friends the money they had lent him to start on his venture. Writing to a friend, April 15th, 1834, he says:—

"It is a strange, confused, bustling life I am living, and were I much in society, I think I should go crazy; but I do not go out much beyond duty-visiting yet, nor, in fact, have I time, as I am rarely done before ten o'clock at night, and never if I take up any of my own private matters. But it is (as I expected) a life of great interest, and I feel I am of use, and filling my place creditably, which I never felt before; so that I am very happy, though it would have been hard to make some folks believe that I could be so, living as much alone as I do, and so constantly employed."

Mr. Hewlett adds:—

"Chorley's connexion with the *Athenæum* continued unbroken till a few years before his death, and formed, in fact, his only permanent occupation. Looking back upon it towards the close of life, he recalls with pleasure that 'this prolonged period of service was accepted and accomplished without a single angry word or failure of obligation on either side. I believe the secret of this to have been in the respect for punctuality maintained by both contracting parties. This, in the large sense of the word, implies honesty of speech, when speech is necessary, and integrity in dealing. It does not include agreement in opinion, still less a subservience beyond the obligations which regulate the position of superior and subordinate.'"

Henry Chorley found time to write works on his own account. In 1834 appeared 'Sketches of a Seaport Town,' in which his Liverpool life was pressed into service: this was followed by novels, plays, songs, by works edited for publishers, &c.; but criticism was his strong point, and musical criticism the thing in which he best acquitted himself. Mr. Hewlett says:—

"That he was gifted with a singularly acute ear and retentive memory; that, thanks to his Liverpool teachers, his passionate love of his art was based upon a sound knowledge of the science of music; and that he had acquired a familiarity with the works of its greatest masters that was wide if not profound, are facts that admit of no dispute. It is evident that he quickly impressed his employers with a sense of his fitness, as within a year after his connexion with the *Athenæum* he seems to have been entrusted with the direction of its musical department; and thenceforth the notices of opera and concert performances, together with the reviews of new music, continued to be written by him almost exclusively, down to the year 1868."

As an author on his own account, Chorley met with slender success, but, on the whole, with quite as much as his works deserved. They contained gleams of promise of excellence, but he never produced any work of sustained excellence. His criticisms were able and earnest, and written with his whole heart and conscience; and knowingly or willingly he never permitted his judgment to be influenced by personal feeling. He was thoroughly and scrupulously "true and just in all his dealings," so far as he could see or know, and no man can do more. He made many friends and many enemies; the former knew, but the latter never suspected, the warm, tender, sensitive yearning for friendship and affection which filled his heart. After his mother's death, and the long illness that made his sister's latter years a life in death, during which, by the way, he devoted himself to her with a loving kindness that knew none of those

—cataracts and breaks,
Which humor interposed so often makes;

Chorley had to live alone, so far as domestic society and affection went, for his sole known overture of matrimony was a failure. He became morbid, sensitive, and subject to depression of spirits. The death of his gifted brother, John Rutter Chorley, left him in grief from which he had not the power to rally. The latter years of his life were overshadowed by a deep gloom, and broken by ill health, to which was added the certainty of a sudden death, owing to heart complaint; but this was rather a source of hope than fear. He had everything in the way of society, social position, and a handsome fortune in his later years. If he could have foreseen this prosperity in the days of his Liverpool office work, it would have seemed an earthly paradise; but he was yearning for the heart-love that never came to him,—the domestic relations that can only be found in wife and child. So his inner life was dark and sad. Those who think they have suffered at his hands will not read the record of his latter years without a touch of pitiful forgiveness.

German Song Composers.—Schubert.—Franz.—Liszt.

In the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* we find an article by Dr. Franz Hüffer on "Popular and Artistic Song in Germany." On the music of the popular song, or Volkslied, the writer says little: the subject indeed is, in reference to all countries, but marshy ground to tread upon. As for the modern German "artistic song," he traces its impulse to Beethoven. It was Beethoven, he says, who by urging in his great instrumental works, and particularly in the ninth symphony, the demand of a poetical basis for music, reacted inspiringly on his disciple Schubert, and through him on the progressive development of song:

I, of course, do not mean to imply that Schubert's lyrical works were originated, or even influenced, by Beethoven's last symphony, which many of them preceded in time. But it seems that in the mysterious system of reciprocating forces, called economy of nature, the energy of dramatic expression was entirely absorbed by the greatest of modern masters, and the only step in advance which could be made at the time lay in the sphere of subjective passion. To supply this demand, the lyrical genius of Franz Schubert was fashioned and formed by nature's own hand, and it is to the happy coincidence of his birth being almost simultaneous with the literary revival of the *Volkslied*, that the artistic song owes its high position amongst the other forms of modern art, and at the same time marks an important step towards the ultimate amalgamation of poetry and music.

The foregoing may be taken as an instance of the very foggy lucubrations on music which sometimes come from German pens, and get into English periodicals. What follows is more intelligible, and interesting. In the artistic song, says the writer, we have to consider three different forms of equal importance, all of them known to, and used with success by, Schubert:—

The first and simplest of them we will call the "strophic song," because, in imitation of the *Volkslied*, it repeats throughout the unchanged melody of the first stanza. As a charming specimen of this kind I quote Schubert's setting of Goethe's "Haide-ödelein," the tender grace of which is inimitably rendered by the melody. Very different from this is what the Germans call by the untranslatable but easily comprehensible title of "durchcomponirtes" (literally, though composed) Lied, in which the melody follows as closely as possible the different feelings expressed by the words, and therefore has to change with the varied sentiments of the single stanzas, artistic unity being preserved either by a recurring motive in the accompaniment, or by the return of the first melody at the end of the song. Schubert's "Lindenbaum" may be considered as representative in this phase of lyrical music.

A still more progressive tendency is shown in what we will term the "declamatory song." In this we closely approach the border-line of the "music of the future," one important principle of which becomes distinctly recognizable. The vocal part is here changed into a kind of emphasized enunciation, while the accompaniment, raised to a hitherto unknown expressiveness, lets us divine the under-current of emotional pathos. Only where the lyrical feeling rises to a climax of intensity, the voice breaks out into a stream of melodious beauty, made doubly impressive by the artistic demand which it is destined to supply. As a masterpiece of this kind, and as one of the finest songs ever produced, we mention Schubert's "Die Stadt," with its marvellous pianoforte bye-play suggestive of the winds of heaven and the sighs of love

forlorn. It is by songs of this order that Schubert has deserved the name of "le musicien le plus poétique," attributed to him by Liszt, a name which, at the same time, expresses most emphatically his claim to a place amongst the greatest masters of his art.

Dr. Hüffer goes on to speak of "two living masters of song, both of strongly pronounced individuality," Franz Liszt and Robert Franz. Liszt and Franz, he says, are both poets before they are musicians. The strength of their musical renderings depends entirely on the beauty of the words interpreted by them:—

In composers of the last century we often observe how very little their music is connected with, and therefore depends upon, the underlying text, and even Schubert makes us forget occasionally the silliness of his words by dint of absolute melodious charm. But both Liszt and Franz are in an eminent sense masters of the modern, or shall we call it the "future" school. Their inspiration is essentially of a receptive feminine kind, and the greater or less intrinsic value of a poem set by them may infallibly be guessed by perusing their music even without the words. Robert Franz was from the beginning conscious of the strictly lyrical nature of his talent, and with a self-criticism rare among artists, he limited himself exclusively to his own sphere, without even attempting a flight into the regions of the more absolute forms of music. His works, amounting in all to forty-four, consist, with one or two exceptions only, of songs. But this self-chosen one-sidedness is not in his case a sign of limited power. In the narrow space of the song our composer displays with more than ordinary skill the most intricate combinations of musical art, and even without his editorial labor, the world might recognize in Franz the thorough student of Bach and Handel by the fine contrapuntal texture of his lyrical accompaniments. In the piano-forte parts of his songs, with the strict and independent guidance of their single voices, we also see clearly a strong influence of the Lutheran choral, which, moreover, the composer himself is ready to acknowledge, and through which he traces his intimate connection with the *Volkstied*. Quite in accordance with this we observe in Franz a strong predilection for the strophic treatment of his songs, sometimes even where the altered character of the words seems to require the stronger contrasts of a new motive. But if in such cases we occasionally deplore the concession made by the poet to the musician, we cannot on the other hand, refuse our highest admiration to the manner in which Franz, by a slight alteration in melody or accompaniment, produces the most striking effects of at once musical and poetical beauty. In one of the finest of his songs called *Herbstsorge* [Autumn sadness], the sudden hope of a new spring is rendered with astonishing brightness by a slight change of the motive, and the introduction of A natural instead of A flat. To sum up, Robert Franz is a musical lyrist in the most eminent sense of the word, without the broadness of dramatic passion, but full of sweetest sentiment, and unsurpassable in his rendering of the subtlest change of human emotion.

As to Liszt, the writer of this article counts his songs amongst the purest fruits of his creative labor. Liszt entirely throws over the strophic treatment. As Dr. Hüffer puts it—

His music, heard without the interpretation of the words, would seem an incoherent sequence of beautiful melodious snatches interrupted by declamatory passages, and only connected by an indefinable continuance of sentiment which occasionally takes the form of what I have on a former occasion described as the "leading motive." The laws of tonality are continually violated by the abrupt introduction of the most divergent keys, and occasionally the metrical structure of the poem itself is obscured by the composer's dramatic vivacity. Here we have reached at last the consistent carrying out of the poetic principle in music to its final consequences. The pros and cons of this radicalism are equally obvious. In one respect the sense of unity and consistent development in the musical part, so essential to the enjoyment of every true work of art, is in danger of being lost by means of the frequent intrusions of purely poetical effects upon the flow of the melody; but on the other hand the perfect blending of the two arts strikes the hearer with a feeling of beauty and harmony of a higher order, because it arises from the mutual surrender of two divergent elements in one common effort.

The doctrine of the "mutual surrender" of something by poetry and music for the sake of a compound which shall be more beautiful than anything which is compatible with the independence of either, is, be it observed, that of Wagner.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 1, 1873.

Concerts.

Since our last report we have been favored with two chamber concerts of uncommon interest.

1. The second of the two Saturday evening concerts by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, which occurred at the Meionnon, October 18th. The audience was larger, and the entertainment even richer than that of the week before. It opened with a Quintet movement, in E flat, by Mozart, recently printed from a sketch in the library of the Mozarteum at Salzburg, and heard here for the first time. This movement proved so genial and full of beauty, all in the true Mozart vein, that one wished the Quintet had been finished. Von Köchel gives quite a list of such fragments in his exhaustive Mozart catalogue. The piece was finely rendered. Next came a clarinet solo, by Mr. THOMAS RYAN, a sort of *scena cantabile* composed by Baermann (Mendelssohn's Munich friend) upon a sweet pathetic melody: "Die kleine Bettlerin" (The little Beggar Girl). The work is graceful and expressive, and was played in a very tasteful manner.

And now we were prepared to listen to one of the deepest and most thoughtful of the latest Quartets of Beethoven, namely the great one in A minor (No. 15), commonly numbered op. 132, although the critical "*Forscher*," like Thayer, say it is properly op. 130. It was first played by the Club about eight years ago, and made such an impression even then that it was repeated during the same season; and it has never been taken up again till now. We hardly dare to say more of it now than we did then, and that is all expressed in two words: wonder and delight. We had never known so great a work on first hearing so to take hold of a whole audience. It was followed with breathless interest, every movement heartily applauded, reaching a fine climax of excitement at the end of the very impassioned Finale. It should have been heard since, season after season; indeed it is one of those works which, to be fully understood, and more and more enjoyed and inwardly possessed, might well be listened to as often as once a week throughout a season. Its beauty and its sentiment are inexhaustible. Beethoven composed it after a severe and painful illness, and in its successive movements gave expression to the various alternating moods of fever, convalescence, gratitude and joy. The first movement is a fitful, restless and imaginative Allegro, springing from a slow, deep musing introduction of a few bars of rich, strange harmony, in which the instruments appear to yearn and strain to reach above their sphere, the tenor and the bass soaring above the violins at times. The whole is strangely beautiful, the sickness of a great mind, clear, consistent, musical throughout, hope and faith and courage never lost. The second movement (*Allegro ma non tanto*), in the 3-4 Scherzo measure, is not a Scherzo in spirit, but does express the awakening of a new hope; the heavy palsy hand is lifted and we seem to move once more and with a measured content. Then comes the *Adagio—molto* Adagio it begins—over which he has inscribed the title: *Canzona di ringraziamento, in modo Lidico, offerta alla divinità da un guarito*, that is: "Song of thanksgiving, in the Lydian mode, offered to the Deity by one recovering from sickness." The Lydian is that one of the old Church modes which makes our diatonic major scale of C begin with F; in other words it is our key of F major with a B natural always in the place of B flat. This gives a peculiar church-like flavor to the harmony, and as Beethoven

here handles it the expression is religious and sublime. But presently this broad 4-4 measure gives place to and alternates with an *Andante*, 3-8, in D major, as the convalescent feels within him a new force ("*Sentendo nuova forza*"). This is marvellously beautiful and full of delicate and subtle fancies: genius feels "the vision and the faculty divine" returning. And there is the deepest tenderness and loveliness in the lingering, fond variation of the Adagio where it comes back to close the movement ("*cón intimissimo sentimento*"). A most spirited and reassuring march (*Allegro Marcia assai vivace*), in A major, heralds the Finale,—a wonderful piece of eloquent impassioned recitative forming the transition to the still more impassioned and exciting last Allegro. Yet in all this there is nothing morbid; it is the conquering spirit looking down over its ascent of suffering and trial and celebrating the divine secret learned in infirmity and pain. If ever for a moment the strain sickens, it is but the text and foil to instant glorious recovery. Wonderfully clear, too, is all this complex, subtle, ever varied musical discourse, or rather self-communion. And that it was found so speaks well for the conscientious study and the skill and unity of the performers.

Mr. HAMM gave fine proof of his fire and tasteful execution in two short violin solos: a Cavatina (first time here) by Raff and an "Album Leaf" by Wagner (with nothing individually Wagnerish about it), adapted for the violin by Wilhelmi.—A Quintet, op. 29, by Veit, in four movements, closed the concert; a rather light and graceful, sunny composition, commonplace but pleasing. It has a pretty fairy legend (*Märchen*) for the third movement.—It is pleasant to know that the Club intend more concerts of this kind when they come home again in January.

Another programme of rare interest invited to the (306th) Recital of the N. E. Conservatory, at Wesleyan Hall, Oct. 23d. Its most important feature was the opening piece,—a new Sonata—fresh and full of genius, which has been known among a few here for some months, and has surprised all who have tried it over as being about the noblest, richest and completest effort in that form which has appeared for many a year; indeed since the Sonatas of Beethoven few better than this (we make bold to say) have been produced. It is by SARAN, the pupil of Robert Franz, whose three or four first compositions of some fourteen years ago (op. 1, "Fantasie-Variations;" op. 2, "Fantasie-Stücke;" op. 3, Polonaises for 4 hands), so much admired here, threatened until now to be his last. For the then student of theology at Halle (where we once met him at the house of Franz), has since settled down as a devoted pastor in an obscure village away up in the North of Germany, and has given no musical sign of himself until the sudden appearance of this "Fantasie in the form of a Sonata," in B-flat minor (he still clings to the *Fantasia* element as if there he naturally belonged.) It is as regular a Sonata, however, as many of Beethoven's, certainly as much so as one or two which Beethoven calls "*Sonata quasi Fantasia*," and others which he might have called so with equal reason (for instance the "Tempest" Sonata in D minor). The first movement of the new work (*Allegro appassionato*) is a masterpiece of the most strict Sonata form; a short, bold motive, seemingly of not much significance at first, but proving pregnant of suggestion as it goes on, is treated and worked through and through the web of the whole long, elaborate movement as persistently as the four notes in the beginning of the Fifth Symphony. You soon feel that a very broad and rich ground is laid out, an unusual wealth of subject matter to be worked out together; great

expectations fill you after all the themes have once been stated; and you are never disappointed; all the arts of thematic treatment and development seem well nigh exhausted here; the harmonies are rich and choice, and often very striking; and beautiful surprises await the ear at every turn; some passages are almost like Beethoven. The second theme is very lovely.

Perhaps the finest piece in it,—certainly the deepest, tenderest in feeling, and the most beautiful alike in melody and harmony,—so much so that one would feign hold back some of the rich chords as they pass,—is the second, the *Romanza* (*Andantino*), which made a profound impression. The movement is interrupted by an episode in quicker tempo (*più mosso, con dolore*), as winning by its simplicity as by its beauty, and by a touching bit of recitative; when it returns again and closes with an exquisitely tender strain of *cantabile*. Here we have the reason, we presume, for calling the work a *Fantaisie*. In the extremely bright and piquant Scherzo which follows, relieved by a resolute *Intermezzo*, the little germinal phrase of the first Allegro peeps out in continually new forms; and you may even detect it lurking under the frolic fancies of the brilliant finale; but we have not room to mention all the new thoughts that press in at various points to swell the broad resistless current. Mr. LANG is to be thanked for making the work audibly present here so early in the season; he played it admirably, if we may only question a little humoring of tempo here and there; and we doubt not, this most original and splendid work will find its way into more than one series of chamber concerts, as well as into many drawing rooms this winter.

Mr. Lang also played some graceful little piano pieces of his own:—"Caprice" in C; "Spinning Song" and "Diversion;" and closed the concert with a superb rendering of Liszt's arrangement of the Weber Polonaise.—A capital relief was furnished by the vocal pieces. Mr. GEO. L. OSGOOD sang Schubert's "Erl King" with more power and true expression than we ever heard in that exciting ballad before; in voice and style he seems to have gained greatly; with Mr. Lang's accompaniment the effect was thrilling. Three of the short Franz songs, choice ones, he sang charmingly. The first was from op. 42, "The Rose complained;" the second, that perfect song, so full of peace and whispered confidence, called "*Stille Sicherheit*" ("Hark, how still"), from op. 10; the third, the airy, dainty little "May Song" of Goethe: "Zwischen Hecken und Dorn." All were most enjoyable, and a repetition of the second one would have been welcome to all present.

ITALIAN OPERA. Mr. Maretzek's company, of which Mme. LUCCA is the chief star, opened on Monday evening at the Boston Theatre, with a performance of Gounod's *Faust*. We could not be present; but by all accounts the brave little woman had lost nothing either in her glorious, full voice, her breadth and simplicity of style, or her outright, intense and natural way of rendering all the passion and the music of her part; while there was the same realism in her dramatic impersonation of the part of Gretchen. Indeed she is said to be even more charming than before. Nor could the Mephistopheles of M. JAMET, nor the Faust of Signor VIZZANI be very different from what they were a year ago.

We did, however, witness the event of the week, the first appearance here of Mme. ILMA DI MURSKA, the Hungarian soprano, as Aminta in *La Sonnambula*, and found that as a singer of such florid music she has not been overpraised. The "Sonnambula" is one of those old familiar operas which never loses its charm for us; its melody is ever fresh and exquisite, and there is nothing affected,

overstrained or false about it. This music offered just the fitting tasks for such a singer. Hers is one of the purest sopranos, clear and penetrating, of great upward range, evenly developed, full and powerful, essentially sweet and musical in spite of its great brilliancy, and of a certain metallic quality. There is an individual charm about it which we cannot describe, such that you are never weary of listening. If not a very sympathetic voice, yet, as she uses it, it is always expressive. And her intonation is absolutely pure, her execution faultless; she revels in all sorts of florid passages, runs, roulades, trills, staccato figures in the highest tones of purest silvery brightness, with such exquisite grace and finish, that there seems no difficulty for her. She is one of the very finest of the *coloratur* singers we have ever heard. Yet while she is mainly a *vocalist*, while she uses the voice thus like an instrument, she is always faithful to the sentiment and the dramatic requirement of her part. The tones are exquisitely modulated to their purpose, and in all the wealth of florid vocalization, there is no false straining for effect, nothing that seems labored or mechanical, nothing that does not succeed, and it is all in a chaste, pure, honest style. Her acting, too, is natural, animated, full of expressive gesture, all in good keeping. It was a genuine enthusiasm which she excited, and it increased to the end.

The opera as a whole was well presented. Mme. FERETTI made an uncommonly good Lisa; Sig. VIZZANI was somewhat clumsy and clownish as Elvino, distressed you somewhat in his straining after high notes, yet there is some pure gold in his tenor tones, and some true feeling in his singing. The new baritone, Sig. ROSSI-GALLI, who took the part of Count Rodolpho, was not very edifying. Orchestra and chorus were not bad.—So far only for the present.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—All promises well for Thursday next, both as to orchestra, soloists and audience. The second Beethoven Symphony and the old *Freyshütz* Overture (strange to say, never before given in these concerts) will no doubt sound as fresh and glorious as ever. The Concerto by Bennett, which Mr. PERABO is to play, is full of beauty and will be sure to charm. Miss DORIA, besides the noble aria with orchestra (not the one so commonly sung) from Mozart's *Tito*, will sing, with Mr. DRESEL's accompaniment, a beautiful "Requiem" by Schumann, composed to an old Latin hymn supposed to have been written by Héloïse, whom history associates with Abelard; also the exquisite little "Serenade" by Franz, and the "*Frühlingsnacht*" by Schumann.

In the fourth concert (Dec. 19) Mme. MADELINE SCHILLER (for by her old artist name she prefers to be called) will make her debut here, playing the great E-flat Concerto of Beethoven, with a Polonaise perhaps by Chopin in the second part.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 19.—The "season" of musical entertainments was opened at the Academy of Music on the 6th, by the "Kellogg English Opera Troupe," whose performances closed last night. The operas presented during the season were: "Faust," 3 times; "Martha," "Maritana," "Fra Diavolo," and "Lucia di Lammermoor," each twice; and "Trovatore" and the "Bohemian Girl," once; the closing performance consisted of the 2nd act of "Fra Diavolo," the 2nd act of "Maritana," and the 1st act of "Rigoletto." The troupe is composed of Miss Kellogg and Mrs. Van Zandt, prime donne soprani; Mrs. Seguin, contralto; Mr. Maas, Mr. Habelmann, and Mr. W. Morgan, tenors; Mr. Carleton and Mr. Gustavus Hall, baritones; Mr. Henry Peakes, basso; and Mr. Seguin, buffo. Miss Kellogg appeared as "Marguerite," "Lady Harriet," "Lucia," "Arlene" and "Leonora."

It is useless to describe Miss Kellogg's performances; when she assumes a part, it is exactly as it should be; she possesses, like Mme. Nilsson, the secret of disarming the critics.

To Mrs. Van Zandt were allotted the parts of "Maritana," "Zerlina" and "Marguerite." Her round, full and well trained voice sounded to great advantage, particularly in the first mentioned character. Mrs. Seguin is as charming as ever; her voice is benefited by the summer's rest; but it is undeniably a fact that she is much more successful in lighter parts than in tragic ones.

Mr. Joseph Maas is a new candidate for honors on our stage, and he bids fair to become a great favorite of our opera goers. Mr. Morgan is another stranger to "our shores." This gentleman has a fair voice of the *robusto* kind; but he sings with so much effort in the middle register and pushes his chest voice so high that his high notes never last him through the evening, and are apt to be a shade flat. Mr. Habelmann appeared as "Faust" twice and as "Edgardo." His voice is decidedly worn, but occasionally it flashes with its old fire.

Mr. Carlton, the new baritone, is an excellent artist, and has a sweet, cultivated voice of considerable register. His stage presence is very good, but he is a cold actor.

Mr. Hall appeared as "Plunkett" and managed the part quite well, but his singing was not all that it might be. The "Mephistopheles" of Mr. Peakes was very conscientiously played by him.

EUSTACE.

Oct. 23.—On Monday evening, under the auspices of Mr. T. B. Pugh, a delightful musical entertainment took place at the Academy of Music. It consisted of a performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* preceded by miscellaneous pieces from the solo singers. They were Mrs. Weston, Miss Adelaide Philipps, Messrs. Varley and Rudolphsen. Mrs. Weston sang a song of Fred. Clay's "She wandered down the mountain side"; Miss Philipps "O mio Fernando"; Mr. Rudolphsen a "Barcarole" of Gounod; and Mr. Varley, "Sound an alarm." This gentleman immediately won warm admiration, which was strengthened by his efforts on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. His performance, both in the *Stabat* and in the Handel aria, was excellent. His voice appears a little dry, but his execution is so neat and artistic, he so enters into the spirit of the song, that he is worthy of a name among the best concert Tenors we have heard. Mrs. Weston was suffering from an indisposition, but she bravely went through the evening. Miss Philipps was, as she always is, thoroughly good. Mr. Rudolphsen did not do himself justice in the *Stabat Mater*. The part appeared to be too low for him, but in the major part of the "Pro Peccatis" his deliciously pure intonation shone forth with brilliancy. Mr. Varley was all that could be desired in the "Cujus" and in the quartet "Sancta Mater." Mrs. Weston was very successful in the "Inflammatu." The orchestra was pretty bad, and the chorus about the same.

On Tuesday evening, at Concert Hall, the same soloists appeared with the "Mendelssohn Quintette Club." Mrs. Weston's indisposition prevented her appearing at all, and her place on the programme was supplied by Mr. Varley, who won fresh laurels by his singing of "My Sweetheart" and "The Anchor's weighed." Mr. Rudolphsen gave "Only to Love" by Santley; and Miss Philipps her everlasting "Una voce." The performances of the Quintette Club were rapturously applauded, the selections being the "Raymond" Overture by Thomas, *Andante* from Schubert's G-major Quartet, op. 161; and Scherzo from the Midsummer Night's Dream. Mr. Heindl played a "Rhapsodie" by Tirschack; Mr. Hennig, Werner's arrangement of Ole Bull's "Polacca Guerriera"; and Mr. Hamm Paganini's "Witches" Dance. The applause at Mr. Hennig's appearance on the stage was most enthusiastic, but was redoubled after the conclusion of his solo.

The following evening a similar concert was given at the same place. Mrs. Weston was still detained by her illness. Mr. Schultze gave us a *Valse de Concert* by Dupont; and Mr. Ryan played Baermann's "Gnomes Klänge," exquisitely. Mr. Heindl was good enough to fill Mrs. Weston's place in the programme with a delicious selection by Doppler(?) The other contributions of the "Club" were Kreutzer's "Night in Grenada" Overture, Adagio and Finale to Mendelssohn's Quintet in B flat, op. 87, Allegro of Schumann's Quartet, op. 41, No. 1, and

the Finale to "Euryanthe." Mr. Varley gave a masterly rendering of "Love sounds the alarm," a trying number of "Acis and Galatea;" and with Mr. Rudolphsen he sang "It is of the Lord's great mercies," by Molique. Mr. Rudolphsen sang "Si tu savais," and Miss Philipps "Nobil Signor" (another of her old stand-bys). I understand that on Thanksgiving night a recitation of the "Messiah" will be given with Mr. Varley in the tenor part.

The musical prospects for the coming winter are brilliant; the Nilsson Troupe will be here in December, the Lucca Troupe is promised for February, and the English Troupe sometime in March. Mr. Cross has assumed the Leadership of the "Beethoven Society," and of course we shall hear some fine chorus and part singing from that quarter. Mr. Wolsieffer, who led the Orchestra at the Maennerchor Gardens last summer, is to give a series of twenty orchestral matinées, and of course the "Abt" and "Orpheus" will give their concerts as usual.

E.

Music Abroad.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE. The programme of Saturday's concert ran as follows:

- Overture, "Nurmahal".....Spontini.
 Recitative and Aria, "Lascia ch'io pianga"
 ["Rinaldo"].....Handel.
 Pianoforte Concerto in F minor.....J. S. Bach.
 Aria "Una aura amorosa".....Mozart.
 Symphony, "The Scotch".....Mendelssohn.
 Songs.
 a. "Tre giorni son che Nina".....Pergolesi.
 b. Russian Song, "She is mine".....Kotschetoff.
 Pianoforte Solos—
 a. Variations on Osmin's song in the "Seraglio"
 of Mozart.....Pauer.
 b. Finale from 1st Sonata for pianoforte.....Weber.
 Recitative and air, "The grey dawn steals" ["The
 Lord of Burleigh"].....Schlra.
 Festival Overture, composed for the "Golden Wed-
 ding" of the King and Queen of Saxony.
 Dr. Julius Rietz.

In the above arrangement the concerto of Bach came as the first novelty; it was in fact an initial performance at these concerts. Written for clavier with orchestral accompaniment, it consists of three movements, of which the finale, presto in 3-8 time, is the most ambitious, full of color and susceptible of elaborate treatment. Herr Pauer rendered the pianoforte part with exceeding skill and spirit; and the whole performance pleased alike by execution and by reason of the quaint form and antique learning of the old masterpiece.

The concerts to be given by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Barnby, during the coming season, will be in the highest degree interesting. Handel's Oratorio, "Theodora" (with additional accompaniments by Dr. Hiller), and Bach's Christmas Oratorio may be mentioned as amongst the most important works selected for performance, not only on account of their intrinsic excellence, but because they are great novelties in this country; and we are also glad to find that Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" is included in the prospectus. There will be a repetition of the Passion week performances, which were commenced last year, the only alteration being that on two evenings Bach's "St. John" Passion Music will be given. The first concert, Handel's "Theodora," will take place on Thursday, the 30th Oct.

The success of Mr. Carl Rosa's English Opera Company at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, is a proof that out of London, at least, there are audiences always ready to patronize native compositions sung by native artists. Balfe's "Satanella," with Miss Blanche Cole in the principal part, has attracted large audiences; and the local press speaks in high terms of the singing of Mr. William Castle, who has already proved himself a reliable tenor at some of our metropolitan concerts. The company also includes Miss Catherine Lewis, Mrs. Aynsley Cook, Messrs. Maurice de Solla, Arthur Howell, Aynsley Cook, Arthur Stevens and H. Jackson. The band and chorus are said to be most efficient, and, as in every work placed upon the stage under Mr. Rosa's management, the dresses and scenery are in the highest style of art.—*Mus. Standard.*

LEIPZIG. The first Gewandhaus Concert of the season, on the 2nd inst., had naturally reference to the memory of the late Ferdinand David. Three of the pieces in the programme were works of the deceased, namely, a Psalm for two soprano voices, the Adagio from his string quartet, Op. 38 (executed by the whole of the strings of the orchestra), and his concerto for trombone. With these were associated works by Mendelssohn and Schumann, as the two deceased great masters to whom, with David, Leipzig principally owes its musical renown. Herr Reinecke, David's colleague for thirteen years, contributed an "In Memoriam" in the form of an introduction and fugue for orchestra; and Herr Ferdinand Hiller, his intimate friend, an orchestral adagio entitled "Nachruf" [after-fame].

PARIS. An ambitious and interesting programme is announced for the series of concerts to be given this season by M. Colonne in Paris, under the title of *Le Concert National*. Paris is to hear the "Messiah," Bach's "Grosse Passions-Musik," Mendelssohn's "Athalia," Massenet's "Mary Magdalene," Franck's "Ruth," and "Redemption," the "Dalliah" of M. Camille de Saint-Saens, the "Paradise Lost" of M. Th. Dubois. Among the instrumental pieces will be a new suite d'orchestra by Massenet, entitled "Scenes Pittoresques."

M. B. Ullmann, who claims the original idea of making concert tours in America and on the continent, and made his first grand circuit in America, with Henri Herz, Sivori, &c., in 1846, has issued a programme of 27 concerts to be given during November and December in as many separate towns of France and Belgium. For this circuit, with which Mr. Ullman resumes operations after an interval of six years, engagements have been made with Marimón, Cabel, De Meric-Lablache [singers], Sivori, Alard, Léonard [violinists], Jaëll [pianist], Franckhomme [violinist], and Maton [accompanist]. To these will be added "Timothy Trimm," who, it seems, will intersperse music with "causerie." The following paragraph from Mr. Ullman's prospectus will be read with some amusement: "If the classical solo only demands one distinguished soloist, and the symphony a good orchestra and one able leader, it is not so in the quartet or quintet, which requires the co-operation of four or five performers of equal and superior order, penetrated with the spirit of this class of music, fired with the genius that is proper to it, uniting to knowledge a mechanical dexterity equal to every emergency, obtaining, in fine, that collective unity of style without which there is only disorder and obscurity in the best concerted music. Hence it results that, while the quartet is the expression of what is most pure and most complete in classical music, it is also the rarest and most difficult to meet with. This is so true that no great city, not excepting Paris, yet possesses this model quartet, so as to realize that perfection which has been for a long time a dream of mine, as it is that of all those who pre-occupy themselves with art in France and elsewhere. How is it that, notwithstanding the amount of progress accomplished, this cannot be arrived at? Why, up to the present moment, has it not been possible to establish such a quartet? Because it has hitherto been considered impossible to unite in the same concert and in the same piece four performers of equal and superior order of which two would consent to hold the part of second violin and alto. Because, in undertaking these parts, quite as important as those of first violin or violoncello, but placed by an arbitrary and certainly erroneous classification in the second rank, these great performers fear, not without some appearance of reason, that the public only considers them as occupying a secondary position. These apparently insuperable difficulties I do not hesitate to declare that I have surmounted, thanks to my long relations of friendship and intimacy with artistic chiefs; and every kind of incredulity on this subject will have ceased when it is known that I have succeeded by force of treaty, of perseverance and useful reasons, in uniting in the same quartet, and for the same concert, these three great violinists of Paris (in alphabetical order), Alard, Léonard, Sivori. In the same quartet? It will be asked. Yes, in the same quartet or the same piece; for, forgetting personal motives, these three great masters will succeed each other in turn in the different announced pieces, exchanging parts—the first violin passing to the second, the alto to the first, &c., all having no longer but one ambition, that of rendering, in a manner worthy of themselves and the music, the sublime pages the interpretation of which is confided to them." M. Ullman goes on to say that he will then be able, by means of this happy family of string-players, to render various pieces of classical chamber music, and a new fantasia concertante for "three first violins," specially arranged for the purpose by Alard, and to be executed by Sivori, Alard, and Léonard.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Thro' Night to Light. Sacred. 3. G to e. Pratt, 30
 "Oh, weary ones, who faint and sigh."
 A very beautiful and comforting sacred song.
 The Rose and Nightingale. Canzonette. 5.
 B to g. Barnby, 35
 "The Rose is weeping for her love,
 Her love, the Nightingale."
 A bit of exquisite poetry from Bailey's "Festus"
 The music is admirably contrived, and perfectly
 brings out the "feeling" of every word.
 Don't go in! Temperance Song and Cho. 3.
 F to f. Donniker, 30
 "It is lighted, we know, like a palace."
 A warning against "Gin" and the other poisons.
 My Button-hole Boquet. 2. G to e. Hundley, 30
 Amusing, harmless, comic and pretty.
 Good-Night. (Alto or Baritone). 4. Bb to f.
 Abt, 35
 "Sweetly rest, thou, my own beloved child."
 "Gute Nacht, du mein herriges Kind."
 "Dors bien, toi ma charmante enfant."
 Words in three languages, and a good enough
 song for any country.
 I never can forget. 3. F to f. Daniel, 35
 "That look! that smile."
 Lady Caroline Lamb wrote it, and the man with
 the excellent memory, of course, is the well-
 known faithful lover who appears in numerous
 songs, but seldom has a more melodious one to
 sing than this one.
 Do the best you can. 3. F to f. Younker, 30
 Excellent advice in a musical form.
 Give! 3. F to a. Sullivan, 40
 "Give thy heart's best treasure."
 From fair nature learn.
 Very smooth and sweet, with a few long cres-
 cendo tones for high and full voices.

Instrumental.

- Spring, gentle Spring. Waltz. 3. C. Pratt, 30
 Anything with a gentle spring to it should
 make a good waltz, and this is a success. Both
 song and waltz [of the same title] are of the kind
 that, while yet new, "spring" at once into popu-
 lar favor. Indeed they establish themselves as fa-
 vorites.
 Perchance Mazurka. 3. C. Meininger, 30
 With a ripe, rich, full harmony, and with all the
 lightness, grace and variety which belong to a
 good mazurka.
 Organ at Home. No. 15. Spring Morning
 Polka, and Golden Leaf Schottische. 3. 30
 The 43 numbers in this set of pieces are all
 taken from the new collection "The Organ at
 Home." Each number has as much good music
 as possible compactly printed upon it, and is
 priced, also, as cheap as possible. No. 15, for in-
 stance, condenses on 3 pages what usually oc-
 cupies 5 or 6 pages, and costs 30 cts. But the book,
 "Organ at Home" includes the whole 43 numbers,
 and is sold for \$2.50, or less than the price of ten
 numbers.
 Fanchette. Galop. 3. D. Pratt, 30
 "Waltz. 4. C. 30
 Melodies skillfully arranged from "Fanchette."
 The Polka has more variety than is usual, and the
 Waltz is on a par with first class compositions.
 Easy Sonatines. Op. 49. No. 1. 3. C. Licher, 60
 Has an Allegro Moderato movement, an An-
 dante, and a Rondo. Has the form and "agree-
 ableness" of larger sonatas, without their diffi-
 culty.
 La Fille de Madame Angot. Selection a la
 Vaise. 4. Operi, 60
 Compactly printed, it contains a great deal
 of music in its 8 pages, is very sparkling and neat.
 The "extra" part may be played either by Flute
 or Violin.
 Towanda Mazourka. Solo. 4. D. Sherwood, 35
 " " 4 Hands. 4. D. 40
 A very brilliant and varied Mazurka. The Se-
 condo of the 4 hand arrangement is easy, and the
 piece is a good one for a beginner and an advanced
 player.
 Mouse Trap Waltz. 3. F. Napoleon, 30
 If mice must be caught, they will do well to en-
 ter prison to this same tune. There is considera-
 ble "snap" to it, and the melody is sprightly.
 Love Song. (Lieslied), 4. Bb. Henselt, 30
 A beauty.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked
 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: as C, B
 flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note,
 if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above
 the staff.

